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# Shadow Hunter 1

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## Chapter 1 by Phantim

I had been chasing them for months now. The fiends that killed my wife and left her bloodless body for me to find. Vampires. Disgusting blood suckers, the Holy Bible tells us “Only be sure that thou eat not the blood: for the blood is the life; and thou mayest not eat the life with the flesh.” I hunt these creatures not only for revenge, but because it is God’s will that they be destroyed! It was with this holy fervor that I charged into their vile manor.

I fought my way through them, despite their superior strength and speed I made my way through several of them. Finally I could see the main part of their lair. I kicked in the door but what I saw took the life from me. There they were sitting down at a great feast. Perhaps fifty of them... I knew I couldn’t win. But I fought anyway, I ran in sword swinging. I took the head off one before they swarmed me. I felt their teeth sinking into me, their hands pulling at my body... Everything was fading. In my mind I said a silent prayer... a farewell.

Then suddenly everywhere there was a bright light. I felt strong hands lift me up from the floor, he looked at me with kind powerful eyes. After appraising me for a second he grabbed a chalice from the table, used it to collect some of my free flowing blood, then used his fingernail to make

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"Go now Jonathan," he said, "use this new power to fight the wicked and protect humanity. You are Nephilim now. You are the first Shadow Hunter. Take this... Mortal Cup and find other righteous men and women to join you. Remember, even if my kind seems far away. We have not forgotten you."

With that he was gone, my wounds were healed and I was left lying there on the floor. The Mortal Cup in my one hand, and my sword in my other. Only my sword now glowed with the angelic rune for truth. I rolled over and prayed like I had never prayed before. But what should I do now? Where do I go? Who would join me on this holy quest?

Chapter 2 by Phantim



There was one place he could look... A place of rumor and myth, where holy knight were supposed to roam, and magic was used for good. /Camelot/... finding the city seemed impossible. Yet, he had just seen the impossible. Angels, demons, vampires... it was all real. With this knowledge, how could he doubt that a place like Camelot could exist.

He stood up and looked at the two holy items in his hands... "We are not forgotten."

Soon he was on the road again... only this time his search was not for vampires and foul beasts, but noble souls to help him on his quest.

Chapter 3 by Pigarmy2004



Jonathan walked and walked for three straight days on the rocky road. The sword seemed to radiate, a weird type of magic. Passing merchants threw him food and water. Swarms of insects evaded him like he was their enemy. Finally on the 3rd day in the afternoon, Jonathan felt the urge to go in a village and to a blacksmith, but the villagers warned him that he was the worst blacksmith that has ever set foot on this world. When he entered, he was amazed. A young healthy man stood there, in the large room. Jonathan noticed water on the floor and the young man's eyes were red. "Welcome," the young man said. "My name is Apex Worthington. My family was murdered by Vampires sent by Satan many years ago. The great lord has informed

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Jonathan was also wary. The villagers had warned him of his skill, which was far from mediocre, but not in a good way. Jonathan held out the cup and motioned for him to drink. Filled with holy blessings and power, Jonathan and the blacksmith worked together to create the best material. As they donned the armor, they both understood they were signing their death warrants, yet they knew it had to be done and would stand against 1,000 of satan's warriors if need be. As they headed along the gravel road, Jonathan asked about Apex's life. "It's not a tale filled with love and family, but interesting nonetheless in my opinion."

"The let's hear this tale!" Jonathan cried.

"There isn't much to say," he said, "for both my parents were found outside the village, blood pooling around their bodies which were ripped to shreds. From that point on, I traveled from house to house, for no one wanted the duty of taking care of another challenge. I wasn't the best child, though. I was clumsy and a mischief maker. In the end, I ended up being raised by the whole village, yet somehow not having an ounce of love. I didn't even have a friend until you showed up." He looked at Jonathan.

"Thank you." Even though there were only two words, they meant the world for Jonathan, for he truly understood the impact of his actions on this man.

## Chapter 5 by Tevita Morey



With his new armor and Apex at his side, Johnathan continued along the road. It was nearly nightfall when Jonathan felt a warning plea within him. His new powers had granted him a sixth sense, in which he was able to feel the presence of darkness.

"We are being followed," Johnathan whispered to Apex.

"What?" Apex replied.

"Quiet down, else they'll hear us."

"Who?" exclaimed Apex in a hushed voice. "Who is following us?"

"A pack of Demons. Five or Six of them at the most."

"How do you know all this?" questioned Apex.

"There is no time to explain right now. If you take me as a friend, then trust in me."

Apex thought to himself. "Alright," he nodded in agreement. "What do we do?"

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"I do not understand." Apex responded.

"I do not understand you either."

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A look of worry spread across Jonathan's face.

"Everything will be all right," Johnathan reassure him. "I'm a Nephilim, remember? If you should worry, it should be for their sake."

Apex nodded, and onward they went.

It was not twenty minutes later when Johnathan and Apex wandered into the clearing they were hoping to find.

"The time is here." Johnathan said to Apex. "Get behind me."

Johnathan turned to face the demons.

"Show yourselves, beings of the infernal pit!"

A wave of light shot outwards, from Johnathan's body, crashing upon the demons.

Hissing and snarling, the demons approached him.

A brute of a demon, perhaps the leader of the band, stood unfazed by Johnathan's attack.

"So your the Nephilim," the large demon voiced in a deep crackling tone. "The one Raziel bestowed his very powers upon. The one who slayed dozens of the master's servants."

The large demon roared, the ground around him searing with heat. "The first 'Shadow Hunter'!" he exclaimed.

Apex looked at Johnathan, a dazed expression on his face. "Shadow Hunter..." he mumbled to himself.

"I must say, Raziel has done a fine job of choosing his next sacrifice to the darkness" the large demon said. "When will he ever get it in his mind that it is hopeless? That whatever hero he thinks he can conjure can never match our power!"

The other demons chuckled, no longer in fear of Johnathan.

"Raziel offers us a man of promise whom he thinks can do what he cannot." the large demon said. "We are here to prove him wrong."

The demons charged, teeth and claws ready for battle.

Before they could reach him, Johnathan let out a wave of light, much stronger than the last, that burst the demons into ashes. The leader of the demons lay shriveling on the ground.

"Impossible", he said as Johnathan approached to make the final blow. "Their is a part of us in you," the demon said as Johnathan pointed his sword towards him. "Even you are not exempt from the darkness. It will consume you" the demon chuckled. Without hesitating, Johnathan

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